

We wish it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By resolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how
mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our de-
parture death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Vnder a conPELLING an occasion, let women die.
It were pittie to cast them away for nothing, though be-
twene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed
nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyse of this,
dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times vpon
farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death,
which commits some louing acte vpon her, she hath such
a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing,
but the finest part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds
and waters, sighes and teares: They are greater stormes
and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot
be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a showre of Raine
as well as loue.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vnseene a wonderfull
peece of worke, which not to haue bene blest withall,
would haue discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir,

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice:
when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man
from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: com-
forting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out,
there are members to make new. If there were no more
Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cur, and the
case to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Confo-
lation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate,
and indeed the teares lie in an Onion, that should water
this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse she hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you haue broach'd heere can-
not be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which
wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answers:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake
The cause of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches
Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cesar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,
Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,

Till his deserts are past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The sides o' th' world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courfers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quick remoue from hence.

Eno. I shall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am sodaine sicke. Quickie, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him dearly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too farre. I wish forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to giue breathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the sides of Nature
Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deere Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.
What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in swearing shake the Throated Gods)
Who haue bene false to *Fulvia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe:

When you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then,

Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,

Blisse in our browes bent: none our parts so poore,

But was a race of Heauen. They are so still,

Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heere me Queene:

The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart

Remaines in vs with you. Our Italy,

Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*

Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,

Equality of two Domestike powers,

Breed scrupulous faction: The hated growne to strength

Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,

Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such, as haue not thrined

Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,

And quiennesse growne sicke of rest, would purge

By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my going,

Is *Fulvia's* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom

It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read

The Garboyles she awak'd: at the last, best,

See when, and where shee died.

Cleo. O most fallie Loue!

Where be the Sacred Violles thou should'st fill

With sorrowfull water? Now I see, I see,

In *Fulvia's* death, how mine recei'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know

The purposes I beare: which are, or cease,

As you shall giue th' aduice. By the fire

That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence

Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warte,

As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,

But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,

So *Anthony* loues.

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,

And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands

An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.

I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,

Then bid adiew to me, and say the teares

Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene

Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke

Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he meads.

But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,

How this Herculean Roman do's become

The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. He leaue you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:

That you know well, something it is I would:

Oh, my Oblivion is a very *Anthony*,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty

Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you

For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,

To beare such Idlenesse so neere the heart

As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,

Since my be

Eye well to

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Sir Lawrell

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Ant. Le

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